PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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THE PATH IN THE SKY

THE woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound and made it plain.

And since, when the path of my life is drear,
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

Amos R. Wells.

THE SPIRIT OF TOLERANCE IN JESUS

ONE of the characteristics that made Jesus so beloved was His wide tolerance.

Through the intervening years men and women, unable for one reason or another to climb over the fences that the Church has erected about her tenets, nevertheless have felt that there was a place for them in the wide sympathy of Christ and with sure confidence in the justice and generosity of His judgments have ordered their case before Him.

When we come into the presence of Christ, we breathe a different atmosphere. It is like being set on some wide prairie, across which the winds of God blow straight from the secret place of the Most High unmixed with the acrid odors that rise from the haunts of men—a different atmosphere, sweeter, cleaner, freer. When resentments and bitterness were clinging to you like rags, have you ever opened the New Testament almost at random and read thoughtfully some great word of Christ, letting its spirit gradually sink into your heart, calming, cleansing and simplifying life? Try it.

There is a unique largeness of mind about Jesus, as though He were standing on some great pinnacle, surveying the bounds and foundations of the earth; a singular attractiveness of spirit that would welcome all men. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This has been the charter of freedom for many a soul. Here is liberty from the pettiness and littleness that dog our steps.

Turn to almost any place in the Gospels, and you will find Jesus' spirit of sympathy. You remember that John once came to Him with the report of one casting out demons in His name, saying: "We forbade him, because he followed not us."

Jesus answered: "Forbid him not: for there is no man who shall do a mighty work in My name, and be able quickly to speak evil of Me."

Then there was the time when a Samaritan city did not receive Him, and His disciples would have called down on the city fire from heaven. Jesus said to them: "The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

And there are the almost incomprehensible words that broke the silence of the Cross: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

The wide tolerance of Christ and His sympathy with a world of sinful men did not come, as what we call our tolerance often comes, from having no real opinions.

No one ever had such strong convictions as Jesus. There was no shred of uncertainty in Him. When He was on His way to help the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, and word came from the house, "Thy daughter is dead,"

He spoke to the father those wonderful words: "Fear not: only believe, and she shall be made whole." He pressed straight on to the bedside of the child. Had He then any uncertainty?

Nor was the tolerance of Jesus due to indifference. Bring Jesus face to face with moral evil, and you see no indifference. Hypocrisy filled Him with a vast indignation. Read in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew the woes pronounced on the Pharisees, hypocrites, who knew better, men who for a pretence made long prayers, tremendously particular in the minute matters of the law, but ignoring justice, mercy and truth. "Ye generation of vipers"—is there any indifference here?

The tolerance of Jesus was based on profound conviction. He was absolutely certain of God. Out of this certainty came His love of man and His appreciation of moral values.

We hear that we live in a tolerant age. Much, doubtless, is to be said for this point of view. It would be strange, indeed, if, after centuries of learning, of the widening of knowledge and the spread of education, we were not better able than our forefathers to distinguish substance from shadow, the evanescent from the eternal, and so escape the intolerance of former generations. Yet, when that is granted, does nothing arise to trouble us? In periods of stress, days of tension, when the fever of war is in our veins, are we tolerant of those who honestly cannot think with the crowd.

Such we no longer burn or crucify, but we have our own means of punishment. Yet, after such times of strain, it often appears that these persons were right. Thus we stone our prophets and then build their tombs.

Or, when something that we care about is taken from us, are we then tolerant?

We care less today about religious heresy; but let heresy take away our special privileges, are we particularly tolerant? An illuminating passage in the Acts tells how Paul's preaching in Ephesus destroyed the business of Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines of Diana. Demetrius gathers his craftsmen together and cries: "Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth; and that by this Paul, the temple of the great goddess Diana is made of no account." Thus over his selfish interests Demetrius flings the robe of a religious cause. His craftsmen think themselves engaged in a religious crusade as for an hour they shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

It was not the last time that selfish interests have been sublimated into what was supposed to be a sacred cause.

Is our tolerance really tolerance or is it indifference?

Is it the result of profound conviction, of a steadfast belief in God, a deep love of man, a profound appreciation of moral values, or is it the false tolerance of not caring?

Any number of people today are saying that natural inclinations must be right, that a powerful instinct is its own justification. There is plenty of moral indifference which passes for tolerance, that comes from not caring. True tolerance comes not from uncertainty, indifference, but is based on fundamental convictions. The nearer one comes to God, the more ready one is to see God in all His manifestations, the more thankful one is for all the great religions that see God in different lights, for all the churches that approach Him from different angles, adding richness and fullness to our idea of God.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Now and then some man arises to show the true tolerance that comes from deep conviction.

In a crisis of our own history men were asking whether or not God would raise up a leader with the firm conviction and wide sympathy that should lead us out of our difficulties. In the Middle West God was preparing such a man for the task. The deeper his problems the more firmly he based his life on God. In John Drinkwater's play of "Lincoln" it is a true instinct that has guided the author. When the nominating committee has informed Lincoln of his nomination and has left him, Drinkwater makes Lincoln's face a great map of the United States. In his mind is the Union, which he must save. After a little while he walks to a table and kneels beside it. That is Lincoln. The more that he thought about slavery the deeper he drove his life into the life of God. The man who hated slavery most and who gave it its deathblow was a man who loved the South. God only knows what he might have done to reconcile North and South if he had lived. *This is the true tolerance that bases its life on God.*

The way into the heart of God is the same way as of old, the way of Christ. As, day by day, we read the New Testament and try to draw close to Him, to let His thought slide across into our minds and His spirit possess us, so, little by little, we come to partake of the wide tolerance of Jesus. Then, though we may disagree with the opinions of others, we never shall show them intolerance.—*From a sermon by Dean Scarlett of St. Louis.*

TRAMP—"Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman round here?"

POLITE PEDESTRIAN—"No, I am sorry."

TRAMP—"Thank you. Now will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?"—*Buffalo Bison.*

A SCALE FOR MEASURING OURSELVES

1. *Neatness.*—Are my habits of personal cleanliness the best? Do I dress suitably? Do I keep my personal effects orderly?

2. *Broad-mindedness.*—Am I ready to recognize worth in others? Have I respect for the opinions and beliefs of others? Have I the ability to consider both sides of a question?

3. *Courtesy.*—Do I try to manifest a real spirit of thoughtful, kindly helpfulness? Do I avoid practises that make me conspicuous?

4. *Dependability.*—Am I punctual in meeting all engagements and agreements? Am I trustworthy about meeting obligations to the best of my ability?

5. *Loyalty.*—Have I a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the business with which I am connected? Do I make my personal interests secondary to my business interests? Have I a real respect for my occupation?

6. *Co-operation.*—Have I an ability and willingness to work with others? Have I a real desire to be helpful in all situations?

7. *Leadership.*—Have I the ability to plan and carry out projects of various sorts? Have I the ability to win the allegiance and co-operation of others?

8. *Honesty and Sincerity.*—Have I the strength to be honest under all circumstances? Am I straightforward and unaffected?

9. *Perseverance.*—Have I the ability to stay with a task until it is finished? Have I a tenacity of purpose, even against great odds?

10. *Self-Control.*—Have I the ability to hold the mastery of myself under trying circumstances? Have I the ability to be pleasant and considerate, even tho others are unfair or irritable?—*Kansas City Star Magazine.*

APTITUDES AND ATTITUDES

THE phrase in the title is not ours—it originated with Dr. Samuel V. Cole, President of Wheaton College, who recently gave it to his students as the foundation upon which to build their careers. But it is a phrase that may well prove a useful agent in our national laboratory of business, in the analysis and possible checking of an epidemic known as slipshodmania.

No doubt you have heard, as we often have, remarks somewhat to this effect: "Those men never do a job right the first time;" or, "That one ought to have his license revoked;" or again, "They lose things in that laundry!" "I wish editorial writers used some brains;" or, "Why do women hire-out for cleaning when they don't know the first thing about it?" And we could cite ever so many more. The answer is—slipshodmania.

"Have an aptitude for the thing you do, and have an attitude of respect or reverence toward it," admonishes Dr. Cole.

Some people learn the motions of their work without ever bothering to study the meaning of those motions; such are doubtless working without an aptitude for their jobs. On the other hand, perhaps the greater failures are the persons who, having an aptitude for their work, have the wrong attitude. They do a poor job, knowing it to be poor, but they lack respect for their own handiwork, and have so little thought for their fellow beings that they are willing to waste their time doing something worthless.

There have been many analyses of the failure of Americans successfully to compete with Europeans for South American business. Just before the Great War an American merchant, returning from Europe, made the acquaintance on shipboard of a German merchant. Of course they talked shop. Said the German to the American: "We are competing for the contract covering that shipment of engines; but my firm will get the business, even if your price is lower, because the customer knows that when we make a delivery he can set up his engines and use them; but deliveries from your country are rarely complete, and the consignee is then delayed weeks and weeks, while he waits for the arrival of perhaps some trivial part that was missing." And the German firm did get the business.

So it is in many instances where American work comes in contact with that of Europeans, be it in competition in the world's markets or in competition on some piece of labor at home. Is it the aptitude or the attitude that is wrong? Has our education, our training, been faulty or wrong?

In mediæval times people approached their work with prayer. Whether it was ultimately viewed by the many or the few, it was all, no matter how it might be hidden, seen by God; and it was done primarily for God.

When we were knee-high to grasshoppers we were taught: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." All else is waste.—*Boston Herald.*

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Mr. Blank, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read: "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

OFFERS

The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York. Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High St., Montclair, New Jersey.

Holly Berries: Stories for little people
Dickens' Little Folks: Oliver and the Jew Fagin. Little Paul
A Christmas Child (sketch of boy life). Molesworth
The Swiss Family Robinson
Stories by Louisa M. Alcott: Little Men; Jo's Boys; Under the Lilacs; Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories; Spinning Wheel Stories (5 vols.)
The Young Shipbuilders of Elm Island. Kellogg
The Sophomores of Radcliffe. Kellogg
A Young Macedonian of the Army of Alexander the Great. Church
Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers: A companion for woods and fields.
Ursula: A tale of country life. Sewell
Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family
Diary of Kitty Trevelyan: A story of the times of Whitefield and Wesley
The Bertram Family
Winifred Bertram
The Draytons and the Davenants
On Both Sides of the Sea (sequel to The Draytons)
Watchwords for the Warfare of life. Martin Luther
Life of Luther. Kostlin
Lawrence's Adventures among the Ice-Cutters, Glass-Makers, and Coal-Miners. Trowbridge
Nimpo's Troubles (story for girls). Miller
His Level Best. Hale
Six Girls. Irving
The Story of Cecil and His Dog
My Brother's Keeper. Warner
The Boy from Bramley. Townsend
The Well-Spent Hour. Follen
Hector (story for boys). Shaw
The Boys' King Arthur
Undine, or the Water-Spirit: also Sintram and his Companions. De la Motte Fouqué
The Man with Two Shadows. Hoven
Under Orders: Story of a young reporter. Munroe
Tom Paulding. Matthews
The Unkind Word, by the author of "John Halifax"
Sermons Out of Church
The Seaboard Parish. Macdonald
Memoir of a Brother. Hughes
Home Life on an Ostrich Farm. Martin
Cooper's Sea Tales, 7 vols.: Jack Tier; The Two Admirals; The Water-Witch; The Pilot; The Sea-Lions; The Crater; Miles Wallingford
Cooper's Novels, 3 vols.: The Prairie; The Pathfinder; Last of the Mohicans
Country By-Ways. Jewett
Sights and Insights: Patience Strong's story of Over-the-Way. Whitney
The Other Girls. Whitney
Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. MacDonald

Scenes from Clerical Life, and Silas Marner. Eliot
Adam Bede. Eliot
Fireside Travels. Lowell
Boots and Saddles (Life in Dakota with General Custer). Custer
Arthur Bonnicastle. Holland
Sevenoaks. Holland
Lotus-Eating (summer travels). Curtis
Potiphar Papers. Curtis
Prue and I. Curtis
Niles Notes of an Howadji. Curtis
An Howadji in Syria. Curtis
Cloth of Gold, and Other Poems. Aldrich
Flower and Thorn (Poems). Aldrich
Life of Charlotte Brontë. Gaskell
Life of J. M. W. Turner. Turner
Our Old Home: A series of English Sketches. Hawthorne
Cameos from English History. Yonge
Rudder Grange. Stockton
The Rudder Grangers Abroad, and Other Stories. Stockton
Wild Animals I have Known. Thompson
What Might Have Been Expected
Three Hundred Decorative and Fancy Articles for Presents, Fairs, etc. Hale
Cruise of the Cacholot. Bullen
William, an Englishman. Hamilton
Book of German Songs (translated)
Whitaker's Dukedom. Jepson
Noble Blood and West Point Parallel. King and Ward
The Witness of the Heart, and Other Sermons. Stone
Harriet, the Moses of Her People
Some Marked Passages, and Other Stories. Pennington
The Fifth Finger. Le Queux
After the Verdict. Hitchins
Souls Divided. Serat
A White Umbrella in Mexico. Smith
The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. Hobbes
Love's Coming of Age. Carpenter
The Soverane Kirke. Penn
Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey. Peacock
The Spell of the Yukon, and Other Verses. Service
The Ranche or The Oxhide. Inman
Three's a Crowd. Caine
The Spectator (Sir Roger de Coverly Papers)
General Gordon's Private Diary of his exploits in China. Mossman
The Fourth Dimension. Vachell
The Kingdom Round the Corner. Dawson
Towards the Goal. Ward
Moon of Israel. Haggard
The Judge. West
Stories of Italy
From Dawn to Moon. Fane
The Sedan-Chair, or Sir Wilfred's Seven Flights. de Chatelain
The Man in the Jury Box
Three Husbands' Wives
Talk. Sachs
Queed. Harrison
A Romance of Two Worlds. Corelli
Lady Jane. Jamieson
A Friend of the Queen. Gaulot
Great Short Stories (Ghost Stories)
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Ibañez
Nephélé
Rab and His Friends
Constitutional Government in the United States. Wilson
Hymnal with tunes
In His Steps. Sheldon
Harper's Fourth Reader
Anna von Geierstein (in German)
Book of Song and Service for Sunday School and Home

REQUESTS

25. *My dear Mrs. Nichols:* I am writing to tell you how I would miss your dear name if it should be dropped from the *Cheerful Letter*, and to thank you and all others for the help they have been to me and others around me. I receive the paper regularly, and as there is something in it each one is interested in, we all grab for it. I often wonder how so many good things, and so interesting, can be put in such a small package. I read and reread it many times. It's quite late to write a piece for the paper to thank all who sent things for our Christmas tree, but it sure was nice and I never saw children so pleased. It was an awful cold time, and so many had lost everything they had and were not expecting to be remembered. I received toys, books, and Xmas tree ornaments, and we added a nice treat for each one of candy, nuts, apples, oranges and popcorn balls. Each got a present, some more than one, and we sent boxes to some that could not come. I have tried to write each one thanking them, but if you could add a line in the paper and it isn't too late, will thank you for it.

May Morris of Bridger, Mont., a friend of mine, would be pleased to get magazines. She is working at an oil well and gets very lonesome. I sent her some, but she is so far out, and I have so many near me, I can't supply her with enough. Thanking you, I still hope I may be useful in leading others to the right. (Mrs.) Hattie Teeples, Bridger, Mont.

25. It has been a long time since I heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and I would be so glad to hear from them. Any cheer sent me would be greatly appreciated, as I'll not be able to get out this summer, and would be glad to

have some pieces for quilts. (Mrs.) J. W. Law, Stewart, Va.

25. I am writing to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the pleasure they have brought to me and my mother. I want every one who has sent me anything to know that I have appreciated it highly. I would love to write everyone, but I cannot spare the postage. I know the Lord will help and bless them all in their good work. The reading matter I receive is passed on to others, who are lonely and like reading. I would like to receive good reading about our Lord, or any books and magazines; quilt scraps will be appreciated, too. Our pastor's name is Reverend Hodge. May God bless you for the happiness you have brought to me and friends. Mother is not able to work any now. Sally Ray Vannoy, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 24.

25. Will you please send me some suitable reading for myself and my little sister? I am fourteen years old, and my little sister is ten. Our mother and father are both dead, and we live with our grandmother up in the mountains. Pictures and paper dolls would be appreciated by my sister. I would like to correspond with some girl my own age. Dorothy Cannaday, Endicott, Va.

25. I have always coveted a good selection of books. I had built up a strong hope of being able to purchase them some day, when a sudden accident banished this hope almost completely. This accident took from our peaceful home our bright little ten-year-old boy, leaving us a seven-year-old boy permanently injured and a promising little girl six years of age. The height of our ambition now is to give these as good educational advantages as lie within our power and means. Our boy is one of the leaders of his class in school, and the girl looks forward to going next year. A part of my thirty-six years I have spent in the Methodist ministry and always active in Sunday school work. I am now superintendent of a hustling Junior Epworth League. My wife is the teacher of a class of bright junior girls. She is also a music teacher. We are anxious to improve our usefulness, but our means forbid a library such as we could use to great advantage. News comes to me that you probably can get me some books. If so, you will help me realize my dreams. I love the works of all the poets, and am especially fond of religious books if written by responsible Protestants. I would enjoy some books on astronomy. Burkett Purnell, Rockingham, N. C.

25. I am a farmer's wife. I have one little girl, three years old. Her name is Kathleen. I would indeed like to receive any good reading for my husband. I would also appreciate scraps for quilts. (Mrs.) Clara Watson, Era, Texas, Star R. For reference, Mrs. Jane Bond, Decatur, Texas.

25. I wish to thank all the ladies who have sent me reading matter in the past, and I would be so glad to have some material for hooked rugs, either old or new strings, especially something in wool. If anyone has any they are not using, I would be so glad to have them, and I would enjoy so much *Good Housekeeping* after someone else has read it. (Mrs.) Bessie McFarland, Manchester, N. C.

25. *A Girl of the Limberlost* is asked for by Mrs. Jennie B. Broadaway, Oakboro, N. C., or any good stories. Mrs. B. is a young mother, with a baby girl fourteen months old.

25. *Essentials of Expert Typewriting* and quilt scraps for her mother are asked for by Miss Pauline Jarrell, R. 6, Box 591, Houston, Texas.

25. I am a farmer's wife and the mother of one child, a girl aged six months. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for what they have sent me in the past, and still hope to be remembered in the future. I would appreciate quilt scraps very much. I would also like to correspond with someone. (Mrs.) Austin Cogburn, Leo, Cook County, Texas.

25. I will be grateful for any reading matter, as I love to read. We live on a farm, five miles northwest of Vernon. We have two children, a boy aged five, named H. F., and a girl aged two, named Enylin Marie. I try to live a true Christian life, but don't get to church much, for we have made short crops, and had lots of sickness. (Mrs.) Nora Franks, Tolbert, Texas, R. 3.

25. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the papers, books, and magazines sent me in the past, and I want to ask that someone will please send me a Teacher's Bible and a dictionary. I am a teacher of my Sunday school class and am in much need of these two books. I will also appreciate some patchwork pieces. Reference, Rev. S. Brooks, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1. (Mrs.) Ollie Richardson, Ansonville, N. C., Box 293.

25. I would like to get good books, magazines, and any kind of reading matter, and I also wish to get quilt blocks. I thank the kind people that have sent things to me. (Mrs.) Cutler Hill, Campbell, N. C.

25. I want to thank each and everyone of the *Cheerful Letter* friends that have sent me reading

matter and books. They have been lots of pleasure and pastime for me. I hope to be remembered in the future. I live by myself most of the time, and get real lonesome. (Mrs.) Cassie Elgin, Dodson, Va., R. 1.

25. Mrs. Nancy C. James, North Platte, Nebr., 1107 N. Locust St., one of our long-time friends, is now a shut-in from kidney trouble. She will much appreciate a good and up-to-date book. She will also appreciate either silk or cotton scraps.

25. Suitable reading for children aged from two to fourteen years is desired by Mrs. Nellie Craig, Price, N. C., R. D., Box 78.

25. Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Va., would like a book or magazines.

25. Mrs. Zeb V. Weaver, Smethport, N. C., will appreciate books, which she shares with all the people in the neighborhood.

At Rest

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Miss Elizabeth A. Day, a lifelong member of the First Parish Church, Portland, Maine. She will be greatly missed in the Alliance, as well as in the church, and particularly in the work of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange Committee, in which she was deeply interested.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name,
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

John Vance Cheney.

"Don't you think, doctor, you've rather overcharged for attending Jimmy when he had the measles?"

"You must remember, Mrs. Browne, that includes twenty-two visits."

"Yes, but you forget he infected the whole school!"—*London Mail.*

LUTHER BURBANK AND THE PLANT WORLD

Luther Burbank, responsible for millions of bushels of potatoes, thousands of carloads of plums, and millions of bouquets of beautiful blossoms, reached his seventy-sixth birthday anniversary, and completed the fifty-first year of his work as a plant breeder, a short time ago. Instead of resting on his honors, looking backward over his accomplishments, he then announced that he had almost completed experiments which would result in giving to the world a number of new fruits, vegetables and flowers.

There are now more than 2,500 experimental growths going on in his nurseries and gardens at Santa Rosa. At the end of this year, these probably will be reduced to 500, possibly to 200 or, at the most, 300. The following year, that number will be again reduced, until, at the end of three or four or five years, there will stand one fully developed plant, the ultimate result of twenty-five years of work with thousands of progenitors. This one plant will be prepared to reproduce itself by seeds, cuttings, bulbs, tubers, rootlets, shoots, or however the particular kind of plant does reproduce itself, and from it will come all of the specimens of the new and improved plant in the world.

Burbank's latest vegetable development is an asparagus, with stalks or "tips" more than a foot long and more than an inch in diameter, grown entirely below ground, and as tender and succulent as the smaller asparagus grown commercially today. This mammoth asparagus has been thirty-five years in the making, thirty-five years in every one of which Burbank personally has gone over thousands of asparagus plants, cross-fertilizing and developing them, until this huge asparagus is the result. "Well-directed heredity and proper environment," is his answer to the question of what are the factors that produce a new type of plant. "The same methods of selection of parents and proper care of offspring that apply to my plants," he continued, "may be applied just as easily and just as successfully to human beings. I hope to see the day when they are so applied."

It should be said here that Burbank cannot lay claim to ever having actually "created" anything. He has never produced a new species, which would be creation. What he has done is to take already established species and develop them beyond anything which could have been expected had the plants been left to their own devices. In other words, what Nature would require several centuries to bring about, Luther Burbank makes come true in twenty to twenty-five years. It is true that he has produced crosses, hybrids, which seem to be new species, but which are only so externally, being actually

merely mixtures of the two or more ancestors used. The Burbank plum is one of these hybrids; the Burbank potato, his first and greatest success, is another; the Shasta daisy is a third. Only time will tell how many of these cross-bred hybrids eventually will revert to the original types; down to date, neither the potato nor the plum has done so.

This year he is preparing to give to the world several new roses, larger in size, more brilliant in coloring, and, most wonderful of all, with differing fragrances, much more intense than in any roses now grown.

His success with these roses, on which he has been experimenting for about fifteen years, has led him to take up flower development exclusively with the exception of the vegetable experiments above mentioned, which have to be completed—from now on. He is approaching the flower problem with all the enthusiasm with which, nearly sixty years ago, he started the search of a twenty-acre field of potatoes for one boll of potato plant seed, from which he developed the now world-famous Burbank potato. The picture of a man six years beyond the allotted threescore and ten moving about among his flowers with the speed of a youth of twenty, and the certainty of a man in the full vigor of middle age, is a remarkable proof of the results of a temperate life, lived in the out-of-doors, with a great deal of very hard work filling all its days.

In one hand the plant-breeder carries a camel's-hair brush, in the other a small but powerful "reading glass," a simple microscope. With the latter he carefully studies each blossom, discarding hundreds, and throwing them away, plant, root and all. With the former he carefully and with steady hand transfers from blossom to blossom the pollen of those particular flowers which show the greatest development along the lines on which he is urging them. He has burned at one time as many as 5,000 plants of one species all found wanting in some particular for the purpose of ancestors of developed blossom-bearers.

His methods of plant development, as expressed by himself, consist of three steps, repeated over and over again through a score or more of generations of each plant. These steps are careful selection of the best and strongest original plants; cross-fertilization, which is to say pollenization by hand, and continuous observation, with carefully kept records of each plant. Much of his success, however, is due to his great love for the soil and its products, and his virtually inexhaustible patience. "There is nothing which will take the place of care and time in plant-breeding," he said on his recent birthday. "The first year that my nursery was in operation here, half a century ago, my total returns were $15.20, but I was not discouraged. A fruit grower wanted 20,000 prune trees, and wanted them for planting that season. By planting almond seeds under gunny sacks and keeping them wet, I forced their growth until I had sufficiently strong almond roots to bear prune grafts. I grafted all of the 20,000 myself, delivered the prune trees on the almond roots, and many thousands of these prune trees are still growing and bearing in the orchards in which they were originally set out.

"There is no magic in plant-breeding. I use only earth and sun and water and air, with careful selection, patience and care in pollenization, and close observation. I merely aid Nature to do in a few years what she alone would require centuries to accomplish. There is not a factor in my work which every plant grower does not have at his disposal. My laboratory is the outdoors; I live close to the soil, and from it I receive daily new strength and an ever-increasing knowledge of the world of plants. The abandoned fruit tree in the corner of your old garden was planted perhaps a generation ago. Yet a twig cut from it today may produce an abundant supply of fruit, or by grafting and budding you may transform it into a tree producing half a dozen kinds of fruits. There is nothing mysterious about it; you merely take a hand in helping Nature produce the improved forms desired."

Among the plants which Burbank plans to give to the world before his seventy-seventh birthday anniversary is a new sweet-corn, eighteen years in development, with straight rows of uniformly large, fat kernels, growing on a cob no larger than that of the common popcorn. There is also a popcorn, which he calls "sorghum pop," designed especially to grow on poor or alkaline lands, and which has tiny kernels which heat converts into very large puffballs. A new tomato which ripens in January in California, and continues to bear all summer.

Boys and girls, return to the soil. For the young human, as well as for the young plant, the soil holds the richest treasures of wholesome food for both the mind and the body. The getting and consuming of that food is life. Boys and girls, you should study Nature more; study your books, of course, but take time to learn of Nature's things, the plants and the trees, the flowers and the butterflies, the animals and the birds. A good heredity from upright ancestry is more to be desired for oneself than all of the titles, honors and wealth that the world can bestow.—*H. H. Dunn, in the Boston Transcript.*

IRATE GUEST—"Look here, the rain is simply pouring through the roof of my bedroom."

SUMMER HOTEL PROPRIETOR—"Absolutely according to our prospectus, sir. Running water in every room."—*Goblin.*

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the *Magnificat.*
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles."
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet:
"He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
And hath exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep.
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the daïs sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap-and-bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, in Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of Apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw.
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"*He hath put down the mighty from their seat,*
And hath exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"
King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold.
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

H. W. Longfellow.

Dinner Table Repartee

He was a young surgeon dining out, and he was asked by his hostess to carve the chicken. He made a bungle of it, to the amusement of the lady, who remarked, "You may be a clever surgeon, Robert, but if I wanted a leg off I shouldn't come to you."

"No," he retorted in the same spirit, "but then you're not a chicken."

The attendant in a dentist's office said to the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered, "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?"

"Want to?" he snorted. "What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."

For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope.—*I Corinth. ix: 10.*

FOR ONE GONE AWAY

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art today;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His Hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er
In God's great universe thou art today!

J. T. Dow.

BUILDING CATHEDRALS

Modern civilization, one might truly say, is based on the home. Back of the home, often almost submerged in drudgery, is the mother. Yet to the best of mothers, however hard pressed by domestic duties, life is an achievement more than a task. Cooking is not merely the preparation of food, nor sweeping simply chasing dust; nor is the teaching of cleanliness, religion, and love for the beautiful in nature and art only toil. All these things go to the strengthening of civilization.

The spirit of the housewife is needed throughout every activity of modern life. Whatever the task to which fate has assigned one, it has its connections with something greater. To view it thus is to find joy in work and to gain in craftsmanship.

Three men, all engaged at the same employment, were asked what they were doing. One said he was making five dollars a day. Another replied that he was cutting stone. The third said he was building a cathedral. The difference was not in what they were actually doing, although the spirit of the third might quite possibly have made him more expert at his task. They were all earning the same wage; they were all cutting stone; but only one held it in his mind that he was helping build a great edifice. Life meant more to him than to his mates, because he saw further and more clearly.

The farmer may be only planting seed, but if he opens his eyes he is feeding the world. The railroad man, the factory hand, the clerk in the store, likewise are building their cathedrals. The investors in stocks and bonds, the executives of great corporations—they are building cathedrals likewise, if only they can catch the vision. The housewife does not count the dollars she receives for her exertions. If she did, her life would be unhappy indeed. The rest of us, the great figures of the industrial world more than the humble ones, are thinking too much about such things as cutting stone and making profits, to be realizing fully the beauty of life.—*Omaha Bee.*

GOOD SPRINGS

We can buy rubber heels to absorb the shocks of our physical journey through life.

But it is the shocks to our confidence, our hopes and ambitions, our faith—our very spirits—that make life's road so rough.

How we stand these shocks depends upon our springs—our spirit-springs. If there isn't much "give" to them, and we take our little daily troubles and our larger griefs and disappointments and disillusionments too hard, we are in for a mighty rough ride, for the road is certain to be full of these bumps.

But if we learn to silence the squeaks of complaint, to snub the bumps of bitterness and disappointment, to keep our springs tightened up with good common-sense and well lubricated with heart smiles, we'll have a pretty comfortable trip through life.

And what's more, we'll have our choice of traveling companions; for people like to ride with folks who have good springs!—*Business Chemistry.*

George Cut His Own Party

A little chap of five was very much interested in the entertainment planned for Washington's Birthday. He had had a birthday party of his own and had also been to one given by a little playmate, consequently his expectations as to Washington's took definite form. After the affair was over, it was a disappointed youngster who complained to his mother on his return home, "Mama, George Washington wasn't there."

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Push," said the button.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.—*Blackwell (Okla.) Buckshots.*

NOT ALWAYS SAFE

A CYNICAL old bachelor says that "Stop, Look and Listen" may be a safety sign when it refers to trains, but if one stops and looks at a pretty woman there is danger that he may have to listen to her later on.

HOST—This dog of mine is a good judge of people.

NERVOUS GUEST—I hope he isn't given to snap judgments.

HIS OWN SELECTION

"So you claim to be a literary man."

"Yes, sir; I wrote that book, 'A Dozen Ways to Make a Living.'"

"And yet you are begging!"

"Yes, sir, that's one of the ways."

BUSY MAN (impatiently)—Well, well, state your business quickly. I am a man of few words.

CANVASSER—Just the man I'm looking for; my specialty is dictionaries.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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